

MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

Trying Times on People With Country Under Water.

High water time in the Mississippi valley is one of fear and danger to all that live in the lowlands along the river from Cairo to the Gulf stretch, says the New York Evening Post. The fight against the waters of the Mississippi, which is never ended, is the fight of all those who have built their towns and homes, and planted their fields for hundreds of miles along its banks. "The levees got to hold" is the slogan of every one, and the task of strengthening it calls out every man in the bottoms. Armed guards patrol the river. To tamper with the levee is to be shot, with no questions asked. High water talk is the one subject of every one. As the saying goes, it's "come hell and high water."

For the terrible loss caused by a break in the levees is too eat to suffer from, except after the most desperate fight to stem the waters. Watching the levees is a watch to save life itself. A single stream—starting perhaps by a crawfish hole—may get to considerable proportions without detection; may grow with the rush of water behind it, until the crevasse can not be held. Then comes the flooding of farms and the killing of live stock, and the lowlands become a desolate flooded plain, the river changed to a flowing sheet of water sixty miles in width. Hundreds of thousands are driven from their homes, and return when the waters have receded, perhaps to find that their houses have been carried away, too. Planting is almost impossible. "High water's coming" is a warning to all.

People who have seen only rivers such as the Hudson, or other streams with faster currents, held in by firm banks, can have no idea of the turbulence of the mighty Mississippi when the spring floods are upon her. It may give some idea of the stream to say that the waters from middle Pennsylvania, Lake Winnepesaukee, and Montana meet together upward, and a thousand miles from the mouth, to swell the flood and perhaps to overflow an Arkansas plantation. The watersheds of twenty-seven states contribute to the Mississippi's stream.

Time of the Spring Floods. Small wonder is it that when the spring thaw comes, the snow melts, and the water comes out of the ground the river stage rises, often to the danger mark; maybe it passes it and overflows or breaks the banks, as it has done this week. Before the turbulence of that river in flood time the efforts of men to hold its current in narrow banks for nearly a thousand miles will not be thought of. Levees seem well nigh hopeless indeed.

Thousands of men are working desperately now, from Cairo down to a point below New Orleans, in the hope of holding the levees. It is heart-breaking work to fight against the water, whose efforts are ceaseless; it never retreats, but must be held back. News of the river stages from above is hailed as news from the front in time of war. "Forty-four feet at Memphis, and the government forecaster says that the crest of the flood is not yet reached"—this reads almost like tidings of disaster to the planter in the lowlands in Arkansas and around Greenville.

The common danger makes friends of all who must help, lest all be lost. The planter hurrying from his home, where he has left his wife and children camping in the upper stories of a house, to the levee, where he will work with blistered hands at piling sacks and shoveling dirt, by the side of a laborer, meets some one on the road.

"How's the water?" "Forty-three feet at Memphis and the river's rising." "Well, hold her this time." And the two pass. These people, of the Mississippi lowlands are plucky in their fight against the mighty river. They are always confident that sooner or later the fight will end, and those men who have wrested this land from the river, will hold it secure for their own.

Scenes at High Water Time. High water time is one of the most interesting sights that the Mississippi offers. Boats bring in to protected towns loads of refugees from plantations which are outside of levee protection. Negroes leave their cabins on rafts and float out chickens, hogs, mules, and all sorts of plunder. They crowd upon the levees waiting for a boat to take them off. Planters send their stock away to safer pasturage, if they are able. The river swarms with craft. Men are brought to the levee in special trains for emergency work; lumber is shipped to build bulkheads and prevent the caving away of the dirt. Trains bring in thousands of sacks to be filled with earth and raise the top of the levee above the flood. Steamboats carry lumber, wheelbarrows, skips, sacks and materials of every kind up and down the river to threatened places. Every one must do his utmost in this time of high water.

across the top and start the crevasse that would destroy property over miles of country. Again there have been cases where men rowed across and cut the levee on the other side, to save the bank on their own. A half dozen strokes of the spade and the damage might be done, which none could stop. Timber thieves, too, might find it profitable to flood the swamps and steal the rafts there while the owners were trying to save their property.

Besides all this, the armed guard shoots and kills. His idea of his task is to make a job built for the coroner and not for the doctor. It is enough to ask questions afterward of the man who comes with a spade to the levee.

Besides this danger there is another that the waves may begin to overlap the top. Steamboat captains are warned to keep away from the shore when they are standing up on down the river, at full speed. A steamer will walk with watchful eye along with a boat. If it threatens the banks and comes within the prescribed limit, he tries to pick off the pilot. These are not times for a shot across the bows.

After the flood waters have been in the river for some days, lapping against the levee, water will begin to seep through the earthen bank on the land side. If the water that comes through is clear there need be no fear, as that indicates that it is only the seepage. But if it comes through in a muddy flow, then there must be a quick and effective effort to stop the leaking. A muddy flow shows there is a break in the bank and that the water is strong enough to carry away material. Men and mules and lumber and sacks of dirt are rushed to the spot. In the case of a muddy flow there is only one way to stop it, and that is by adding material on the river side, to stop up the holes at the point of inflow.

The Break at Holly Bush. Perhaps the efforts of the men will be successful. But sometimes nature and fate are against them. At the Holly Bush crevasse in Arkansas in 1903 thousands of men worked night and day to strengthen the bank, and managed to keep it just an inch above the flood tide. Reports from up the river indicated higher and higher stages—the flood crest had not passed. On March 15 the crest passed Cairo, and the men near Holly Bush knew that the next day would be the crisis. The river was rising at the rate of a foot a day. The next day dawned with the weary men fighting still to raise the bank—most of them had been without sleep for forty-eight hours. But with the earthen bank, and a high wind from the east, and little waves began to dash over the levee. It was the last misfortune. Streams a few inches wide began to make a small channel in the top of the bank in dozens of places. There was no hope now, and the men abandoned their work at the dangerous points, and waited for the flood to sweep away in a few minutes their work of days, and to flood all the lowlands behind.

Then came the break. One hundred feet of the embankment snapped with a roar and a terrific torrent rushed through. The break widened to 6,000 feet and the swirling yellow waters dashed through, carrying destruction. They flooded the town of Marion, Ark., and inundated two entire counties. The damage from that break was two million of dollars.

The Mississippi river in flood takes everything with it. To watch the endless procession which the swift current carries by is to see all the properties of tragedies. The Mississippi in flood is the despoiler of homes. Houses come floating down the stream, outbuildings, furniture, and myriads of smaller things, tossed by the waves in the "runs" or sailing serenely in the broader stretches Great trees go by. There are evidences that the Mississippi has asserted its majesty somewhere and has cut a new channel to please itself, eating away bank, growth and all. Carcasses of cows and horses and dogs float down the stream, carrying a pair of buzzards, those scavengers who have so much work to do after the floods have receded. It is a terrible and a melancholy sight.

The Lowlands In Flood. For those people who dwell always within sight of a hill or a rise of ground, the terror of the flood waters in flat lands is hard to understand. After the levees have been broken, the waters spread over thousands and thousands of acres, and rafts are the only refuge of the people and their stock. The suffering in the towns is great, but it is in the inundated lowlands away from the towns on the plantations, that one finds the real tragedies.

vee could be seen here and there, but nearly all of it was submerged.

The trees have put on a green foliage since the water has poured in, and the woods look bright and fresh, but this pleasant aspect to the eye is neutralized by the interminable waste of water. We pass mile after mile, and it is nothing but trees standing up to their branches in water. A water-turkey now and again rises and flies ahead into the long avenue of silence. A pirogue sometimes flits from the bushes on its way out to the Mississippi, but the paddlers and padlocks turn their heads to look at our boat. The puffings of the boat is music in this gloom, which affects one most curiously. It is not the gloom of deep forests or dark caverns, but a peculiar kind of solemn silence and impressive awe that holds one to its recognition. We passed two negro families on a raft tied up in the willows this morning. They were evidently of a well-to-do class, as they had a supply of meal and three or four hogs with them. Their raft was about twenty feet square, and in front of an improvised shelter earth had been placed on which they built their fire. Thursday a number were taken out of trees and of cabin roofs, many yet remaining.

"One does not appreciate the sight of earth until he has traveled through a flood. At sea one does not expect to look for it, but here, with fluttering leaves, shadowy forest aisles, housetops barely visible, it is expected. A graveyard, if the mounds were above water, would be appreciated. The river here is known only because there is an opening in the trees, and that is all. It is in width, from Fort Adams on the left bank on the Mississippi to the bank of Rapides parish, a distance of about sixty miles.

This then is the gloom of the water-land which comes up and floods the banks. The story of suffering and loss is told in figures of millions of dollars, but that scarcely gets to the heart of it. The negro squatters and small farmers in out-lying districts, who must save everything by themselves, see nearly all they have carried away, and must wait for the waters to recede to start again, handicapped for years. After the waters come the pestilential mud and the evidences of death. The buzzards wheeled continually above the water, the story of the bottom told much of the story of what the Mississippi has done in its flood tide."

THE WOMAN PAST FIFTY. Men Who Say Her Greatest Intellectual Growth Comes Then. Careful studies of the histories of men and women, their growth and development, extending over a long period of years, reveal some facts not recognized in the literature of the day, writes a physician in the Dietetic and Lighter. A man and woman, both college graduates, married at the age of 25 years. Both possessed culture and training above the average and were in excellent health.

During the first twenty-five years of their married life he attained great eminence and did fine intellectual work. Then he became a mental invalid and remained at a standstill, without any special cause. During this time his wife had given all her attention and time to the education of her children and domestic duties, and while regarded as a very strong woman seemed not to have risen above the level of her surroundings.

Then suddenly she realized her husband's decline and entered into the work which he was engaged in and showed rare intellectual vigor and power, and in a very short time attained a reputation. This continued until her death. Her husband, in the meantime, failed to keep his intellectual reputation and gradually declined. His intellectual work was over, but her's began where he stopped and went on to great heights.

Thus in almost every community there are women not recognized as anything more than the average intellectual attainments and wisdom, who suddenly, after 50 years of age, broaden out into strong, vigorous thinkers and become great powers in the community.

Joseph Cook said: "The most intellectual audacious I have ever addressed were women past 50 years of age. I have found them most appreciative and critical, and when I have asked for questions to bring out further explanations of the subject their wisdom has astonished me, as well as their clearness of knowledge and breadth of judgment."



Governor Woodrow Wilson

Endorsed For The Presidency by South Carolina State Convention.

ITALY'S GIGANTIC TASK. Conquering Tripoli Like Filling Up Rat Hole With Water. I wonder if the Italian people have any idea of the hopeless task that lies before their army. I wonder if the people who have to pay for all this business of war and waste of ammunition out here have any conception of the futility of it all, or of the enormous sum of money they will have to go on paying every month without the least chance of getting a single centime of it back.

The belated European newspapers that occasionally reach me by devious routes, give accounts, from time to time, of glorious Italian victories, of which I have never been able to find any evidence here, though I am free to go where I choose, writes Alan Oster, from Tripoli, to the Washington Star. Possibly the Italian press is so glibly credentialed in Italy, I cannot otherwise understand why the campaign is allowed to continue.

Could Occupy Other Posts. As long as she is prepared to keep her warships ready for action and to patrol the coast (a costly affair in itself), Italy can be fairly secure against the recapture of Tripoli, Homs and Benghazi. She ought, with a little enterprise, to be able even to occupy other important posts on the coast line, and added by naval gunfire, to hold them against the Turks and Arabs.

She also can advance into the desert—if she cares to pay the price. The price will be heavy. Every advancing column will have to be enormously strong in cavalry and infantry, and light artillery. The task of transporting heavy artillery across the sand dunes is practically hopeless.

Every step into the desert lengthens the line of communication, which the columns must keep intact at all hazards and this means an enormous increase in the size of the army and consequently in expenditure.

Food, ammunition, fodder and especially water must be sent daily from the base, for the desert affords none of these but the last, and in the case of an irresistible advance of this kind the Arabs would effectively cut off the water supply by filling up the wells with sand.

This faculty was downright genius in Anty Magliabechi, librarian of the Grand Duke Cosmo III, of Florence. For instance, if a priest wished to compose a panegyric on a saint and communicated his intention to Magliabechi, the librarian would immediately inform him of any reference to the saint of the part of the work wherein it was to be found, and that sometimes to the number of a hundred writers.

Magliabechi could tell not only who had treated a subject designated in his mind. One day, the story runs, the Grand Duke sent for Magliabechi to ask whether there could be procured for him a book that was decidedly rare.

"No, your grace," answered the librarian, "for there is but one copy in the world, and that is in the library of the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople. It is the seventh book on the shelf on the right as one enters."

Dr. Addison Alexander of Princeton Theological seminary, had a wonderful memory. It was not only tenacious of words, but of facts. For the amusement of young folks he would sometimes say, "now, I am going to talk without thinking." And he would pour forth period after period of strange words and incongruous images, harmonious and even rhythmical in sound but wholly destitute of sense.

If any one thinks this is an easy feat, let him try to suspend his reason and give free rein to his fancy in periods which shall be grammatically correct and yet without meaning. Another of his feats was to submit himself to examination and tell off-hand where he was and what he was doing on any day of any year the examiner chose to name.

His most wonderful feat was displayed at the matriculation of a class in the seminary. Forty or fifty students presented themselves for admission. Each handed his credentials to the professors, who examined them, and if satisfactory, entered the student's name and address in the register.

When the students had retired the professors began bantering one another as to which one should take the register home and prepare from it an alphabetical roll—an irksome task.

"There is no need to take the register home," said Dr. Alexander, "I will make out the roll for you."

Whereupon he took a sheet of paper and, without referring to the register, wrote out in alphabetical order the full names and addresses of the students, which he heard only once, while they were recorded.

What makes this still more wonderful is the fact that the entire mass of names and addresses must have been present in the doctor's mind while he was selecting each one in its alphabetical order.—New York Evening Sun.

MARIE CROMER. Mother of First Tomato Club for Girls Tells Her Story.

By Ismay Dooly, in Atlanta Constitution.

"Ladies and gentlemen, before this very inspiring conference concludes I want to introduce to you the organizer of the first tomato club for girls in the world," was the dramatic statement by Miss Virginia Moore of South Carolina, whose clear womanly voice has rung through the four walls of nearly every little one-room school house of rural Carolina as well as in the bigger normal schools, and she led from her chair the shrinking figure of a girl, and presented the little mother of the tomato club.

The occasion was one of the many sub-conferences held under the conference for education in the south in Nashville, for this particular conference hinged on the human interest theme of the girls' tomato clubs of the country. It was growing late; the group were beginning to consult their watches with the knowledge of other calls, when "the mother of tomato clubs" took the floor. She is not near the eight women claim as "medium."

She does not weigh a hundred pounds. She looks scarcely 18, and when her voice broke upon the silence her introduction commanded. It had the note of weary womanhood blended with the long accustomed children of the country give the last word of their sentences.

"Well, if Miss Moore thinks it will do any good I'll tell my story," she said. Before she had spoken five minutes pencils slipped from nervous fingers, note books were laid aside and white tissue veils were drawn from women's faces that they might see as well as hear. Doctors of theology, university professors, editors of national note lost themselves in emotional following of the drama of rural life interpreted by that heroine of the remotest scene in which these dramas centre the teacher of the rural school.

No Studied Effects. There was no need for studied effects; no epigrammatic efforts; no play to the emotions, but just the intensely held thoughts and sentiments of the speaker as she conscientiously related facts of the homeliest problems which can be converted into the most beautiful truths of life.

Her voice grew higher when lost in spots came on her cheeks under black deep set eyes and she appealed in her tones when she brought her audience with her over muddy roads and rocky roads to the little barren schoolhouse or the court house in the rural center where she fairly forced the girls of that community to unite to form a tomato club. They did not want to—it did not sound stylish, and she had to reach out when they drew their interest, as the circuit rider preacher does when he faces an indifferent flock.

"I am Marie Samuella Cromer," Miss Cromer began. And she thus told her story to me: "I had had much experience as a country school teacher, my first teaching done in a little school about four miles from Abbeville, S. C. I was born in the country, I live in the country; I know its lowdowns and its hardships. I love the country and the country people, and I made up my mind I was going to do something for the little girls of the country. I felt sorry for them; for school was all they had to go to, and one could not always be telling them of school and keeping them in school to talk to them. They needed something to keep the kicking up when they went home. It was not bright at home; it wasn't bright at school, and there was no much interest in going from one place to the other, and that was about all there was to do.

"Marie Samuella Cromer," I said to myself, "what is the use of your thinking these things if you do not do something about it." I had talked before the teachers' institutes of the county, but it was general teaching. Just then the town drunk came in. "Where in thunder have you been?" demanded the largest of the men before the bar.

"Fishin'," replied the town drunk, "fishin'."

was I to start? Where was the money for the prizes to come from? I knew the girls would not want to do the work without some inspiring object. "The county superintendent, however, was encouraging. He suggested I begin with a tenth of an acre near the schoolhouse where I was teaching and then reach out in the county and organize the girls. I started, but I did not seem to be able to get the interest. Some of the girls were scornful about 'working with tomatoes,' some of their parents thought the teacher ought to stick to her job of teaching school; and I saw I must have money for prizes, so one day I just put on my best clothes and went over to Aiken to see Mr. John D. Rockefeller to ask him for the money. He was out riding once; buy another time (they said), and after a second and fruitless visit, I began to write him notes. I don't think he ever got any of them, because he never sent me any money. The secretary wrote polite notes for him.

"Then I wrote Mr. Thomas Hitchcock of New York, who lives at Aiken. I failed there, at first; but, God bless Mr. Hitchcock—but I have not come to that part yet.

"I shamed a Thought of Failure. "I am crazy," said the county superintendent, for he knew I had already spent my money I saved in the school improvement work. "Where are you going to get the money?" "I did not know when I offered the prize, but I made the kind of speech that got them all; I offered the scholarship, and the result was the girls got interested and the first club was organized January, 1910.

"Then to every schoolhouse in the county I planned to go; the clubs began organizing, the one-tenth acre everywhere doing their work, but that prize money was not coming!

"I went home one night feeling awful sad and down-hearted. I was boarding then with the mother of the superintendent, and after I had my supper I felt I could not sit with the others without sighing, and was about to go, when the superintendent handed me a letter. I remember every incident of that night because it brought me to the realization of my scheme. The success of the tomato club was in my hand. I opened it and gasped, what do you think it contained? The prize money from Mr. Thomas Hitchcock! Well, I could not tell them what had happened. I threw up my hands; I cried out with joy; I just danced around the table, and I cried and laughed and said I am so happy!" and as Miss Cromer rehearsed her joys with childish realism she stirred all that was tender and sympathetic in the group hearing her story.

"When the story of my tomato club was told by Dr. Seaman Knapp to Mr. Secretary Wilson the latter said: 'I will give \$100 for prizes out of my own pocket.' But there was no need for that, for very soon afterwards there was the movement of the tomato clubs started everywhere, and in August, Mr. O. B. Martin, who is the director of the farm demonstration work for the department of agriculture in Carolina, announced that for the merit and feasibility of my plan I was appointed director in South Carolina of the Girls' Tomato clubs, called now the Canning and Poultry clubs. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been given by the general education board for the work among girls," explained Miss Cromer.

Rockefeller Did Give Money. "So, after all, Mr. Rockefeller did give the money," somebody suggested to Miss Cromer.

"What Mr. Rockefeller gives to that board—it is his money," and Miss Cromer reproached herself bitterly. "I will write him a note at once and thank him," she said. "I have really had very hard feelings toward him for not sending me the money for that first prize I wanted.

"And the money for the prize for the first clubs I organized went to Winthrop college and is doing splendid work there.

"Yes, it is true I have been asked to go and tell the story of the work I have tried to do in the country in the church of which Dr. Brown of the Union Theological Seminary is pastor in New York. I met him in the conference for education in the south. You know those people there are working it out. They have got the church worked up now, and if the church gets into this work to wake up interest, and the school and the home, then the boys and the girls and the fathers and mothers can be made to be interested in the same things, and the vital things which they have not been waked about. It will be a new era in Carolina, announced that Dr. Walter Fage said could happen in the country was true when he addressed the conference. It was good and true, and I wish I could remember it all to take back home!"

Who Started It—A Little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother, impressively.

"And did his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father thrash him?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started this thing anyway?"—McCall's Magazine.